The Bystander, October 11, 1916.—No. 671. Vol. LII

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Compton Collier*

MRS. MAURICE BONHAM-CARTER

The Prime Minister's daughter, in her beautifully, but simply, decorated house in Mount Street, W. She has a fine collection of valuable antiques

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

"Happy Ending"

The Kaiser's latest message is to thank his subjects for having at length—with every show of reluctance—voted the War Loan. Such conduct on their part "proves their confidence in a happy ending to the War." Which reminds me of a conversation I overheard at a recent theatre first night.

SHE: "I wonder if it will have a happy ending?"

HE: "My dear, any ending to *this* play will be a happy one."

Whose Plans?

One of these days, perhaps, there will be an inquiry into the origin of the Balkan campaign as it finds us at present. Has the same masterly hand that planned Gallipoli and Mesopotamia been at work? Almost one fears it has. Otherwise, how comes it that the entry of Rumania, instead of having proved an asset, bids fair to become a liability?

Those Experts!

All the wise, expert people convinced us that to compel the Germans to extend their fighting front by five hundred miles or so was to deliver to them the final knock-out blow. It does not seem to have occurred that Rumania's entry also lengthened the Allied front by exactly the same distance. As it happens, in order to save the Rumanian borders, Russia has had to engage her troops in regions that she does not seem at all to have anticipated; while the Allies, instead of continuing their reposeful and doubtless healthful sojourn in Salonika—which resembles that of the Egyptians in the desert, save for considerably superior rations—have actually begun to *move*. The entry of Rumania would have been in favour of the Allies only if they had seized the initiative immediately. Instead of so doing, they appear to have allowed the enemy, as before, to "get his blow in fust."

The Real Object

What we have to be thankful for is that Generals Robertson and Haig did not allow the Somme attack to be compromised by Eastern obsessions. So far as it was possible to succeed on the Somme we have succeeded, with a vengeance, and certainly no lack of men and munitions is evident. It is always possible that there may be a real break through on the West, and if that happens Eastern affairs may look after themselves. After all, as THE BYSTANDER has modestly tried from time to time to impress on its readers, it was to save the West that we went to war, not for the cedars of Lebanon or the balm of Gilead.

87 to 57

The official ratio of German to British prisoners is eighty-seven to fifty-seven—those being the respective figures of recent releases from internment camps in the two countries. The fact that any exchange of prisoners has been started at all shows that our Foreign Office is at last waking up to the cry of suffering humanity, and is an agreeable sequel to our acceptance for our prisoners of the hospitality of the Swiss. It ought, however, to be remembered that thousands of our lads will spend their third Christmas in durance vile, and if the question of what to do with their superfluous wealth vexes any of our readers, we might suggest Christmas fare for prisoners in Germany is the ideal outlet. I am informed that Döberitz is exceptionally deserving of bountiful attention.

Humanity Triumphant

In olden days one used to smile at the "Humanities Department" of a leading daily newspaper. Lord Northcliffe lives to see that smile turned to tears. To his instinct for humanity we owe the most touching situation of the whole war-tragedy—the visit to Switzerland of the wives of the released prisoners. Certainly I have not been more moved by any written thing than by Mr. Twells Brex's description in the *Daily Mail* of the reunions between parted couples, some of whom had never hoped to meet again in life. What a foretaste it gives us of the reunions that will come on the great day when blood is no longer their argument!

Why?

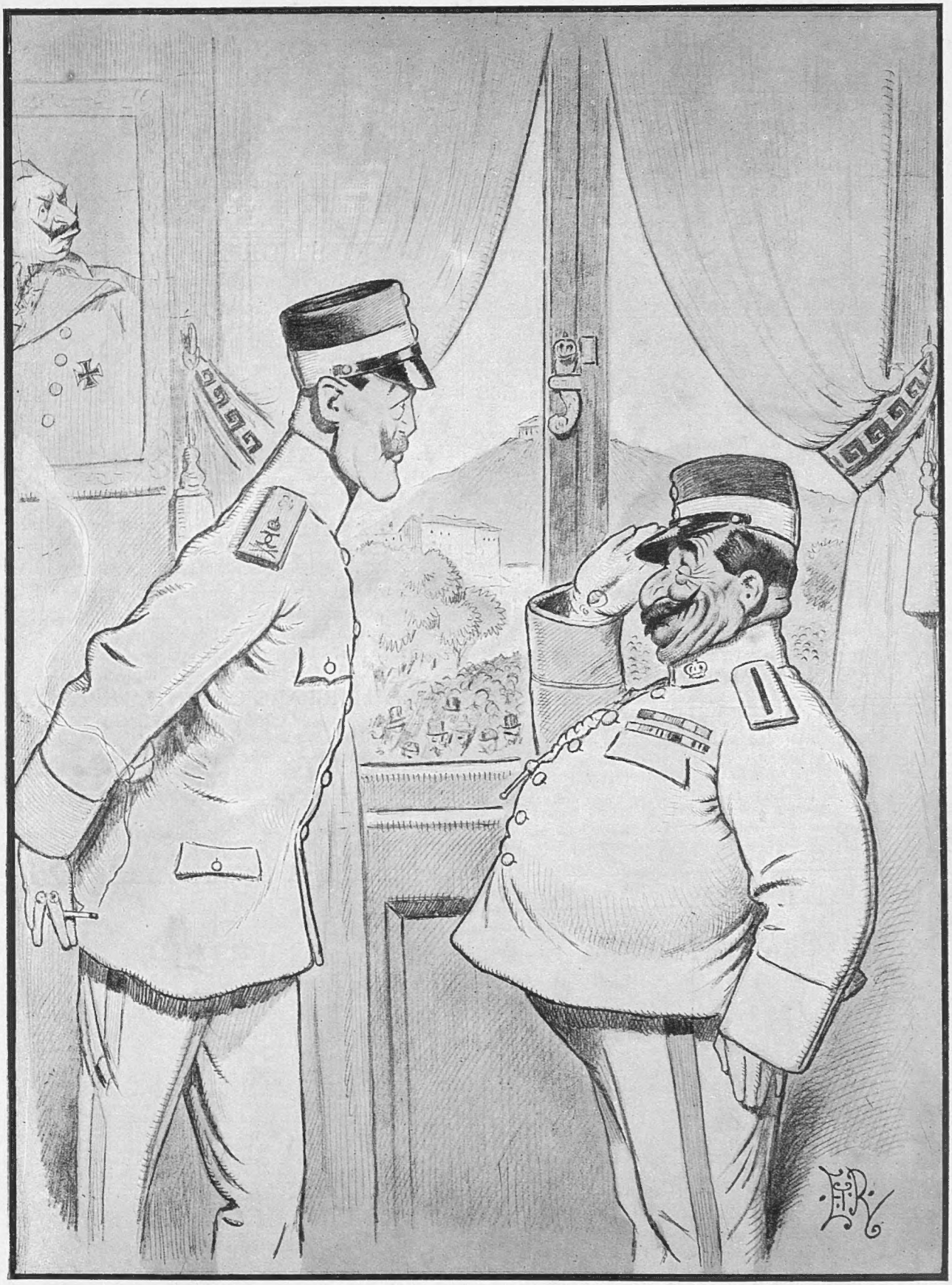
The mystery of the continued commandeering of hotels continues. Why hotels? And why the Grand—which surely might have been spared when the Métropole and the two great clubs were taken? Are there not numbers of buildings doing much less good to the community, which could have been secured at very much less cost—unless, of course, the Government intends to treat the Grand as it treated poor De Keyser's. Precisely why it is necessary for these huge new Government departments to be so close to each other does not occur. I know of numbers of buildings in the near east of London that would make ideal homes for departments, which would be comfortably out of the way of interfering politicians, and in close touch with *business* men.

"Combing Out"

Regimental recruiting offices bear witness to the fact that "combing-out" in Government offices is progressing nicely. The number of immaculate, easy-mannered young gentlemen in mufti who are making inquiries thereat is considerable. In this connection it may be mentioned that the Inns of Court Corps is once again open to receive a limited number of suitable candidates at No. 10, Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn.

(*Continued on page 64*)

In Athens—Now



SITUATION VACANT

"What on earth's that crowd doing outside, Tricky?"

"There's a rumour, your Majesty, that you're going to commandeer a Prime Minister; and they've all come to apply for exemption"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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"RAZZLE-DAZZLE!"
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The Tsar With His Armies

RUSSIA'S SPIRIT INCARNATED IN THE "LITTLE FATHER"

THE TSAR INSPECTING ONE OF THE NEW GUNS
which have turned the tables on the Germans

THE TSAR IN THE FIELD, WITH HIS ONLY SON, THE TSAREVITCH, ON THE RIGHT

THE EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS WITH HIS GENERALS AND STAFF

Immediately on H.I.M.'s right stands General Brusiloff, the hard-hitter, whose repeated blows have resulted in so much loss to the Germano-Austro-Bulgar-Turks opposed to him in the Eastern Theatre

Since the Tsar assumed, about a year ago, the command of the huge Russian armies, a new spirit has come over Russia—the spirit of invincible determination to see the war through. There is little doubt that this is largely due to the presence in person of their ruler with his soldiers, who would all follow their "Little Father" to the death, and in their inexhaustible millions offer a sure guarantee of victory

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Disorderly Gatherings Prohibited

These Orders in Council are so sudden. What is the motive, for instance, in the new regulation as to "disorderly gatherings," by which the police may, as in Russia of old, prohibit any meeting that "may give rise to grave disorder?" What kind of meeting does the Government fear just now? Certainly the Pacifists and No-Conscriptionists show no signs of fight. Is the Government really afraid of the Pankhurst-Arnold White-Maxse-"Bring-Hughes-Back" sort of people? In view of the disgraceful fiasco of the "round-ups" the authorities had better administer the new rule with caution.

Humour Where You'd Least Expect It

One of the hopeless things about the Germans was always that they lacked any apparent sense of humour. Two years of war have fertilised, at all events, symptoms of the germ in one German—the Crown Prince. His depiction of himself in the rôle of a family man with a wife and children, dying to spend Christmas at home with Sophie and the *kinder,* is at least as funny as some of the representations of Mr. Charles Chaplin. Little Willie must try again, and next time he may get quite a good laugh. I have yet to learn exactly how tickled to death the Crown Princess is at the joke, to say nothing of a few scores of other ladies of lesser degree.

From "La Baïonnette"

EVIDENTLY!

Mr. Hall, the recent interviewer of the Crown Prince, declares that "on his countenance his mobile readiness to respond to any suggestions, to relax to any dawning pleasantry! has not yet been displaced by the sternness imposed by the tasks of war"

Off Directly!

Which reminds me. Before the war the Crown Prince was a great devotee of winter sport. On arrival at a resort much favoured by the English, he said to the head of one of our public school parties: "Well, I hope there are plenty of pretty English girls here?" "Not now, sir," replied the Englishman. "They heard you were coming."

The Tale "Half-Told"

One day, perhaps, we shall get the full and detailed story of the Prince's trip to the East, and exactly what it was that caused the Princess to cut her share of it short at Colombo, leaving the Prince to disappear for a long spell into the remotenesses of Burma with—I forget the name of the native lady.

The German Character

What surprises one is the painful reticence of those writers and gossips who might be doing their bit by waging the war against the German personal character. Need we all be quite so gentlemanly? Many things known about high German personages which only peace-time propriety prevented our publishing before the war, might quite properly be now given the light of day. I suppose the real reason of reticence is the fear of reprisals. M'yes.

A Word for Little Willie

When I come to tabulating my various enemy *bêtes noires* I am ashamed to confess that the Crown Prince does not stand so near the top of the list as he ought to. It is to be said for Little Willie that if he wants peace he is at least honest enough to admit it. Admitted that he headed the Prussian War Party, is that not the hereditary rôle for every Crown Prince in every Empire? If the Crown Prince helped to bring about war, he did, at all events, stake upon its success his personal life, his reputation, and his succession, whereas the bloodthirsty professors and pan-German deputies, being mostly over-age, staked nothing.

If I had to settle peace with any German at any time, I would settle it rather with those who had fought than with those who had merely sat in their chairs and scribbled, and I prefer Little Willie to Reventlow, Basserman, and Co. There's hope for a young ruffian: never for an old.

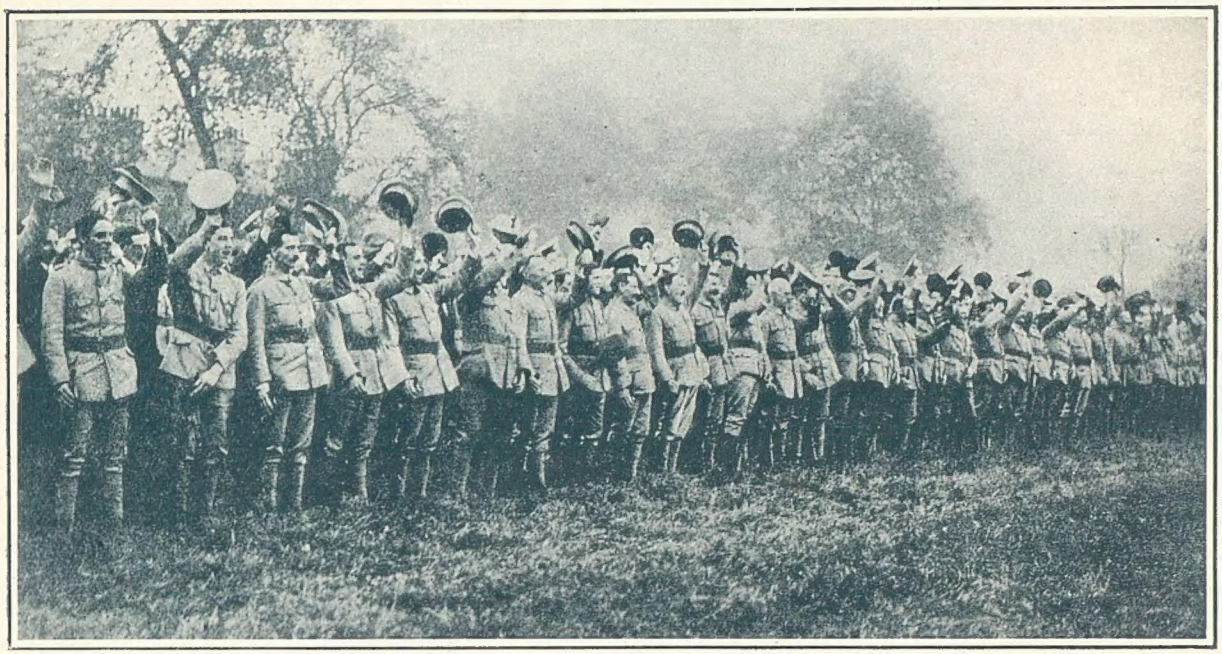
No Change at the W. O.

In spite of all the pother that was raised over some War Office scandal, and the appointment of a Committee to investigate, I understand that

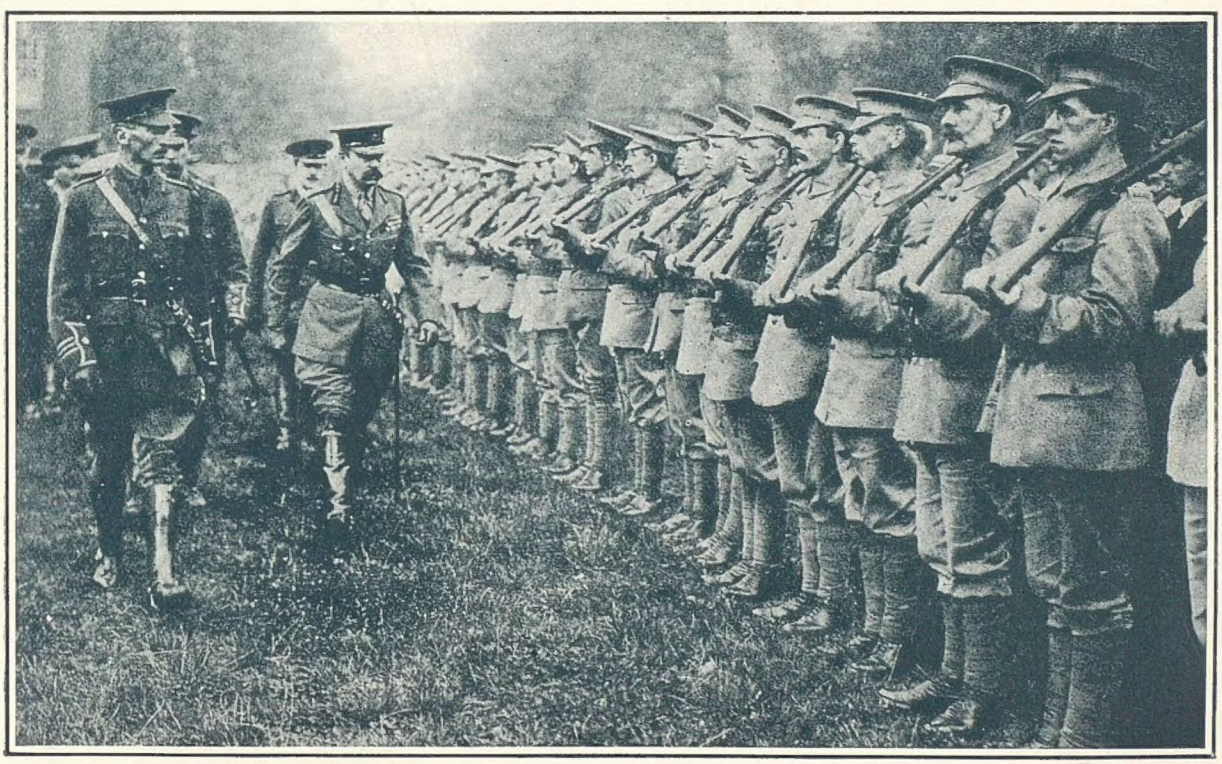
(*Continued on page 66*)

To Be Used in the NEXT War?

THE STILL UNSETTLED PROBLEM OF THE VOLUNTEERS



IN the absence of Lord French, the Surrey Volunteer Regiment was inspected at Croydon on Sunday, the 1st inst., by Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd. The usual complimentary speech was made, and acknowledged by the usual cheers, and when the "tin hats"—who never die—had "simply passed away," the time-honoured question was asked in the ranks: "When are they going to make use of us?" The prevalent theory is that the Volunteers are being kept in reserve for the next war, which, by the universal consent of the youngsters, should be fought by the elderly. In this event, the Volunteers may look forward to the prospect of continuing to mark time, form fours, and right dress in the sure consolation that their efforts will not be wholly wasted. Whoever the next enemy may be, let him tremble. After she has finished with the Huns, Britain will have a fresh and young-looking army at her call



Our photographs show some of the Surrey battalions being reviewed by Sir Francis Lloyd somewhere in Surrey on Sunday, October 1

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 61)

the *personnel* of the W.O. remains unaffected, petticoats or no petticoats. Also, that very strong language—startlingly strong, even in the ears of the inventor of Limehouse—is sometimes exchanged between high officials when slight differences of opinion manifest themselves. And they do, of course, because they must.

An Untenable Position

The position of Secretary of State for War, in time of war, if held by anyone other than the person who is also Chief of the General Staff—or the Prime Minister—is practically an impossible one. Sir William Robertson is a man of tremendous determination, with a love of complete control. Results so far justify his claim, as they have not done in the case of previous asserters of it. Since he took charge the war has gone well.

Why not a Speech Now and Then?

Mr. Austen Chamberlain had some rather nasty things to say in reply to his Birmingham supporters who wanted to have a little more oratory. He is, it appears, far too busy to bother about making speeches on party politics. This is as it should be. But who precisely wants to hear Mr. Chamberlain talk about "party politics"? What, I suppose, Birmingham wants is an occasional "lead" from its chief Member on the war generally, and other problems appertaining thereunto. Unionists do not really see why the only speeches—or interviews with American pressmen—should be delivered by Ministers on the other side. If the split should ever come, it will not in the least help them if they have the reputation of having been the Strong Silent Party. The public *likes* speeches, and likes them often and hot, and it measures the activities of its public men by the number of them. Is it quite impossible for Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Law, Lord Curzon, and other eminent Unionists to combine their hard labours with occasional appearances on the platform? They will have to come back to it in time, and it would be a pity if they lost the use of their tongues.

The Garde Républicaine

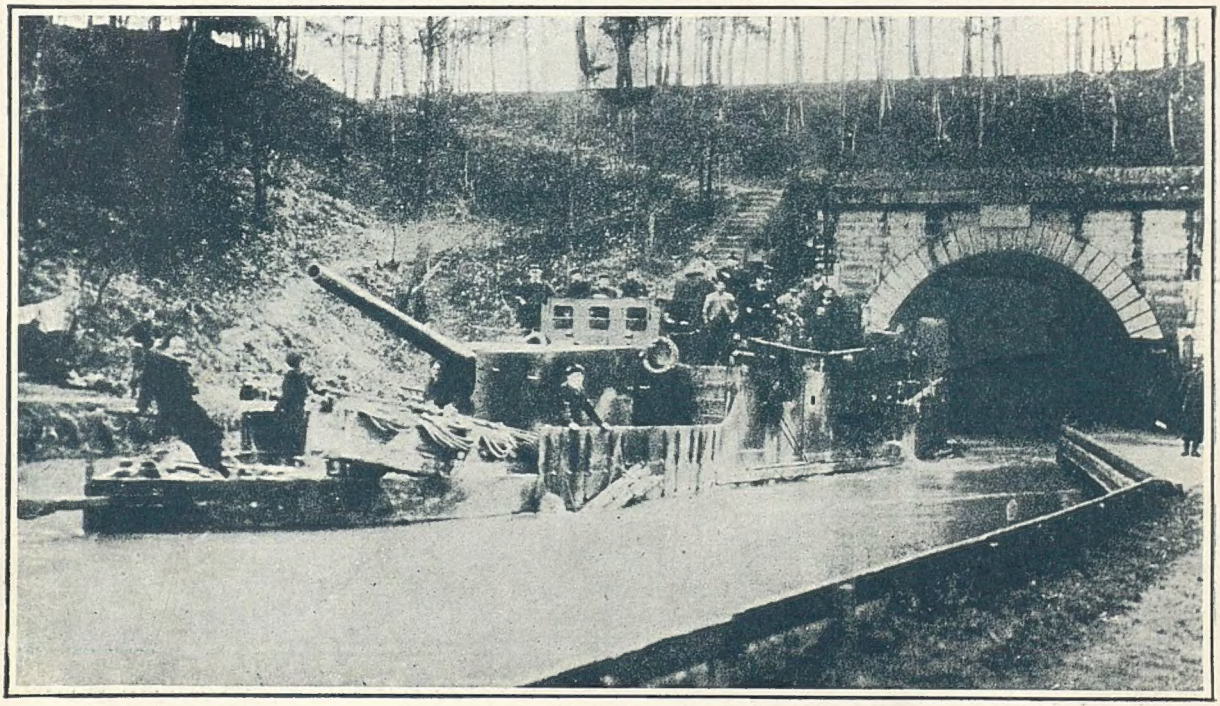
I squeezed in to hear the Garde Républicaine Band. It sat in the front-centre of the Albert Hall rostrum, and was more than half surrounded by the thrice as numerous massed bands of the British Guards, looking simply magnificent in their scarlet and gold, and making the French guests look a little out of it. Furthermore, our Guards emitted an immensely superior volume of sound. Nevertheless, the Garde won the moral victory, choosing pieces that showed off their virtuosity rather than their tonality, as the musicians would say.

A "National" Music Handicap

The British bandsmen were manifestly handicapped by having to confine themselves to Franco-British music, the amount of which that is really suitable for high-class band performance is small. One could imagine how they longed to show themselves off, and damn the consequences, with Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Wagner, and the rest of the Huns. Gounod and Massenet, and even our own Sullivan, did not compensate.

Too Much Singing

Precisely why the organisation, which had two of the finest bands in the world, in the largest of our concert halls, filled up so much of the programme with vocal items puzzled everybody. It was obvious that both the Garde and the Guards were itching to play and play and play, and chafed visibly at having to sit still and listen to warblings for at least half the time available.



"MANY INVENTIONS"

Continue to emerge as the result of the necessities of War; and among them one of the most useful is the War Barge, a boat carrying a big gun, which perambulates the canals of the Somme region. These boats have done excellent service, and are particularly useful in relieving the congested road traffic, while their mobility renders them almost immune from attack

"All our Airships Returned Safely"—ExZept . . !

THE GARDE RÉPUBLICAINE BAND AT POTTER'S BAR

"LIKE LUCIFER"!

"HEART OF OAK"

Still alive, while on and round it lies "Blood and Iron" dead

Another Zeppelin, the fourth brought down by our gunners and airmen, failed to return to the Fatherland as a result—and almost the only result—of the raid on the night of Sunday, October 1. These week-end excursions to England would seem likely to lose their popularity if this rate of loss is kept up. Vast crowds watched and cheered the fall of the flaming airship, and have since visited the field at Potter's Bar, where its shattered wreckage strews the ground.

For Canada's Wounded

The Canadian Hospital at Lynn Castle was opened last week by Princess Arthur of Connaught, who is seen seated in the middle of the front row in the above picture. The hospital is the property of Mrs. Frank Tennant, and has been presented by her specially for the wounded soldiers of Canada, who have so splendidly proved their value and valour

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *October* 9, 1916

DEAR COUSIN—

A LITTLE furtively, perhaps, and almost apologetically, we're really rather proud and pleased, you know, in England now. Proud, with a pride unutterable, of our splendid fighting men—from the Brigade of Guards, those blind worshippers on the altar of the great god Discipline, who in all the din and confusion of battle have achieved the almost impossible by going over the top and doing an open order advance actually *in step* (to the great demoralisation of even the disciplined Hun), down to our new citizen Army, who, with no years of discipline behind them, but only the unheroic traditions of desk and counter, have done deeds of valour and heroism more wonderful than any yet written in the Book of Life.

"There was a slight difference of opinion, too, about who the Zepp. belonged to—the Army or the Navy"

* *

AND we're pleased, with a deep-down and heartfelt, but rather shy and silent, pleasure. Over in Paris, where pleasure isn't as usual when there's war, I'm told they actually mafficked over Thiepval and Combles. But here that sort of thing's not done, of course. For one thing, London on the surface could hardly be more frivolous than it is, and for another, the newspapers have cried "Wolf!" or, rather, "Victory!" so often that we can't believe it when there is one.

* *

"Brass hats are all over themselves on these occasions"

OF course, it's been cheery work, too, bringing down Zepps., at the rate of one a week, though one doesn't exactly "maffick" about Zepps., either. The marauding beasts that fly by night are a bit too nerve-racking and horrid, not to speak of unholy disturbers of earned, or unearned, beauty-sleep. Anyway, they've rather got on one's nerves, and last week some people really did camp out in the Tube stations on the night we dropped the fourth one.

* *

BUT Zepp.-chasing's quite one of the newest sensations—greatly enhanced, naturally, if your car's one of the comfy, very-last-word-in-luxury ones and someone's had the forethought to remember to fill the flask. Of course, *the* thing, if you want to get a really good *view* and foot it with the gods, so to speak, is to have a Brass Hat in your party. They're all over themselves (and the Zepp.) on these occasions, and come along in millions to crush the vulgar curiosity of mere civilians—they wouldn't even let the Grand Duke Michael within hailing distance of the one in Essex the other day, where, by the way, there was a slight difference of opinion, too, about who the Zepp. belonged to—the Navy or the Army.

* *

AS one of the audience who got treated the same as the G.D.M. remarked: "Oh, these soldiermen here in England now! Soon we'll be asking their permission to breathe!" And, really, sometimes it does seem rather as if we're moving somewhere that way. But I suppose that sort of thing's part of the price we'll have to pay for Prussianising ourselves.

* *

PORTENT of our warlike ways now, too, it seems to me, that actors have to advertise their medical

(*Continued on page 70*)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*continued from page 69*)

unfitness if they're at all young or youngish, or even only taking young parts. It used to be "Votes for women!" that sometimes provided us with a little extra thrill at the play. Now it's "Khaki for men." But it must be quite horribly disconcerting just when you're making very *chic* love in very *chic* civvies to the leading lady to have "Why aren't you in khaki?" shouted at you from the stalls. It's happened, though, several times lately.

❋ ❋

PARLIAMENT is on the war-path again this week—and a few shindies in the offing if all one hears is true. Also, a fair selection of the usual autumn activities—"days" (coppers taboo at the newest ones, only bobs or Bradburys now will buy a first-class Won't-You-Buy-a-Little-Flag smile), an Arts and Crafts Exhibition at Burlington House, several in-aid-ofs, some picture shows, Beecham opera, and yet another new revue, though I did hear that empty stalls in miles were the Zepp.-time fate of more than one even of the leggiest last week.

"I can't even manage to answer properly anything like all who write to me"

❋ ❋

TALKING of which thrilling gaieties reminds me that the letter I quoted the other day from a Canadian in a crack Indian regiment about "In India—Now" seems to have pleased some Anglo-Indians immensely. But there are others—one at least. The lady who sends me along eight sheets or sixteen pages of her club note-paper is an amusing combination of scepticism and blind belief, not to mention one or two other little contradictions.

"I can't quite see myself that Bishops are altogether qualified to give their views"

❋ ❋

SHE starts by uncompromisingly doubting the very existence of Blanche, whom she courteously refers to as "she," in inverted commas, and is perfectly certain that no such person as my correspondent, the Canadian, ever existed. I'm afraid it would be waste of time to try to convince this polite lady that not only do I not invent correspondents, but, alas! I can't even manage to answer properly anything like all who write to me. And if I said *half* of what I hear, I'm afraid it would give even more important personages than this lady some shocks.

❋ ❋

IF the Canadian does exist (observe the logic) he must, I'm told, be a spiteful and ignorant person. "Everybody knows" that every officer in India works his hardest, and that in India work is the first and last ideal (!). Also, "dancing as regards balls and dances are taboo in all India now"—grammar's not the lady's strongest point—except, she says, in an informal way. And, in the same breath, that the usual social gaieties have *had* to be kept up, because to leave off any of them would give "the Indians" the idea that England was depressed, and that we don't understand the *necessity* for Anglo-Indian society to keep up appearances.

❋ ❋

IT'S a quite delightful picture, isn't it—heroic Europeans, military or civilian, reluctantly tearing themselves away from their work and wearing themselves to rags bravely dancing and dining, and playing polo or bridge, just so's to impress the guileless native, and so hold the Empire together? But the white-washing job is one that needs a certain amount of skill and tact, and I'm afraid champions of this sort will make the right people in India cry out: "Save us from our friends!"

❋ ❋

FOR those of us who haven't succumbed entirely to the fashionable "Home-habit," this week's the week—there's a big full moon in the sky, and getting around town any time after nightfall, even when it's cloudy, is child's play after the inky, murky, black darkness you could positively *feel* last week. It kept even the giddiest gadders within doors some of the wet nights, and so depressed the theatre managers that they put on matinées in rows, and left the field mostly to their rivals, the Zepps., at night. Which, I confess, *do* take the flavour out of one's enjoyment of even the best plays and things. If you've got to be Zepped, the idea seems to be to go through with it either under your own roof or the open sky—a theatre's such a *stuffy* place to change your world in.

❋ ❋

REMINDS me, there's a war for souls going on, as well as a war for bodies—it's called a National Mission, and it's *very* high-class, with Bishops and Archbishops in it, who've sent out their underlings to exhort the people to shake off their complacency, mend their standards of living, and "make something new of England's life." Well, quite time, too, some say, and here's success to them, and all that.

(*Continued on page 72*)

ZEPPELINIGHTIES

OR, THE COUNT TURNED TO ACCOUNT

THAT Zeppelins are lending a zest to lingerie is quite evident from the pictures reproduced on this page. Two of the three costumes look a little chilly for rushing out of doors in just to see "another one" successfully strafed, but the lady in the fur-trimmed dressing-gown seems to possess a better sense of the fitting. With regard to the other two, Fashion's decree is not yet, apparently, finally fixed; "to cap or not to cap" is still a burning question; but even more difficult to decide would seem to be whether to put on the pyjama trousers over the jacket or vice versâ; but with both so very voluminous, perhaps this may be left to the emotions of the moment

Photographed by Alfieri

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 70)

BUT I'm afraid it'll be an uphill job—I mean, all of us who are worth anything at all are too intent upon the carnal business of war to worry much about souls just now. And as for the rest—well, *do* they matter, anyway, in these heroic days, when every hour and every minute the men who do are proving their possession of the greatest Christianity of all and laying down their lives for others?

❀ ❀

As for the more-babies question, the Bishops are saying, you know, that we aren't having half enough of them in England now—babies, I mean, not Bishops; and one of them's actually trying to bring a Bill into the Lords to make us. As for that, I can't quite see myself that Bishops are altogether qualified to give their views, much less their orders, on the subject, can you? Easy enough to have lots of nice babies in a palace where there's plenty of room and servants and a lovely garden, not to speak of the episcopal income to bring 'em up on. It's *quite* a different sort of an affair altogether having your quiver full in, say, a small flat or villa on an income that isn't really adequate for two and horrid for half a dozen, 'specially on war prices.

❀ ❀

I NEVER can think what the Bishops' wives are doing on these occasions—not to tell their husbands, I mean, that they don't know what they're talking about. Not, of course, that Bishops' wives know what being poor *and* having babies at the same time feels like. Still, being women, you'd think they might have, anyway, an inkling, wouldn't you?

❀ ❀

TALKING of people who have all the luck, I'm delighted to hear my name has proved a mascot "Somewhere in South Africa." "There was a horse called 'Blanche' running in the last South African Derby," writes a soldierman there, "so I had to put ten of the best and brightest on the pari-mutuel, of course. 'Blanche' proved the fastest (runner) of the lot, and I got £140 in return, so as I owe it all to you, will you get some of it in the shape of a dinner and a theatre with me when I come home again? By then the glamour of khaki will, no doubt, have worn off, but I just want to make assurance doubly sure that you're not a man or one of the school-marm type of femininity."

❀ ❀

A TYPICAL Englishman who "won't bore me with what he's done—millions have done far more," says he reads my letters with mixed feelings, "for there is such a whiff of dear old London in them, and that makes even a man just the least bit homesick—you know, just a tug at the heartstrings and the wonder when the old scenes will ever be visited again. But the heat and dust of German West Africa and the ditto and dirt and fever of German East, are small things compared to the hardships and all the tension of the trenches.

❀ ❀

"ALL the same, our pals in Flanders *can* get back to old Blighty for a week-end, or even rusticate in Paris. Two years in the Wilderness with nothing but black ladies to be seen—well, it does pall a bit! But never mind. It's an honour and a pleasure to serve under men like General Botha and General Smuts—men of action who do things. And by the end of this year of doubtful grace you can expect to hear, Blanche, that, anyway, the G.E.A. campaign is over."

❀ ❀

WHICH is good news from yet another quarter. Oh, dear, are we really at the beginning of the end? It looks like it, doesn't it? But as yet, with all the loss and all the suffering thick upon us, it seems almost too good to be true. And one can't help remembering that it's even yet a long, long way—to Berlin.

With love, yours ever,
BLANCHE

"FOR HE HAD GREAT POSSESSIONS"

More Types at Stralsund

ALLIED OFFICERS IN A GERMAN PRISON CAMP

THE NEW STYLE RUSSIAN ARISTOCRAT

THE GENERAL AND THE POPE (ORTHODOX RUSSIAN PRIEST)

THE OLD STYLE RUSSIAN ARISTOCRAT

"CHASSEURS ALPINS"

A CAUCASIAN CLOAK

FRENCH "HEAVY ARTILLERY"

A "POPE"

THE ENERGETIC CANADIAN "GETTING A HUSTLE ON"

THE BLASÉ "ENGLANDER" DRIFTING SLOWLY THROUGH CAPTIVITY

Some months ago we published a series of sketches by Capt. H. S. Leverton (Duke of Cornwall's L.I.) from the prison camp at Stralsund, and we are glad now to issue another series. It is pleasing to us to learn that the conditions of life in this particular camp are as agreeable as is possible, and that a British officer receives permission to send these sketches is evidence that some good feeling exists on the part of the gaolers

BY CAPT. H. SPRY LEVERTON

BELLICOSITIES

ALL very well for von Bethmann-Hollweg to protest that German statesmen who hesitate to use "frightfulness" against England should be hanged. But his own evasive attitude in the matter suggests a growing recognition of the danger that those who don't "hesitate" *will* be hanged.

❀

HERR BALLIN, if you please, has always been good enough to hold that there is sufficient room in the world for other nations as well as Germany. Just in the same way that there was plenty of room in the wolf's den for the lamb—when it was inside the wolf.

❀

ALSO, the ineffable Ballin is sure that "this mad war" could have been avoided "if British statesmen had been more sensible." As it was, only one of them, so far as we know, was even sensible enough to correspond with Ballin and ask him to dinner.

❀

THERE may be truth—of a sort—in the tearful protestation of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* that "Germany never wanted to fight Great Britain at all." But we can accept to-day with less reserve the implied assurance that she never wants to fight Great Britain again.

❀

IT would seem that the Havana newspaper which offers to bet an even £2,000 that the Allies will win the war has an imperfect appreciation of the public form of the combatants. Unless it is prepared to lay the odds, we are afraid our Cuban contemporary will find there is "nothing doing."

❀

HERR SCHUMACHER, unnaturalised and still doing business in the City of London, is to be thanked for the naïve admission that he has "many influential friends in this country". He has supplied a powerful argument for interning not only himself, but his "influential friends" with him.

THE worried Benedict who told the Edmonton Tribunal, the other day, that his delusion-haunted wife imagined herself a daughter of Henry VIII., must have felt sorely tempted to make her doubt whether, after all, she was not one of the wives of that spouse-strafing monarch.

❀

IT is reported that an enthusiastic hybridiser crossed mosquitoes with bees, hoping to get a harmless mosquito. In the result all he got, of course, was a coalition, poisonous at both ends.

❀

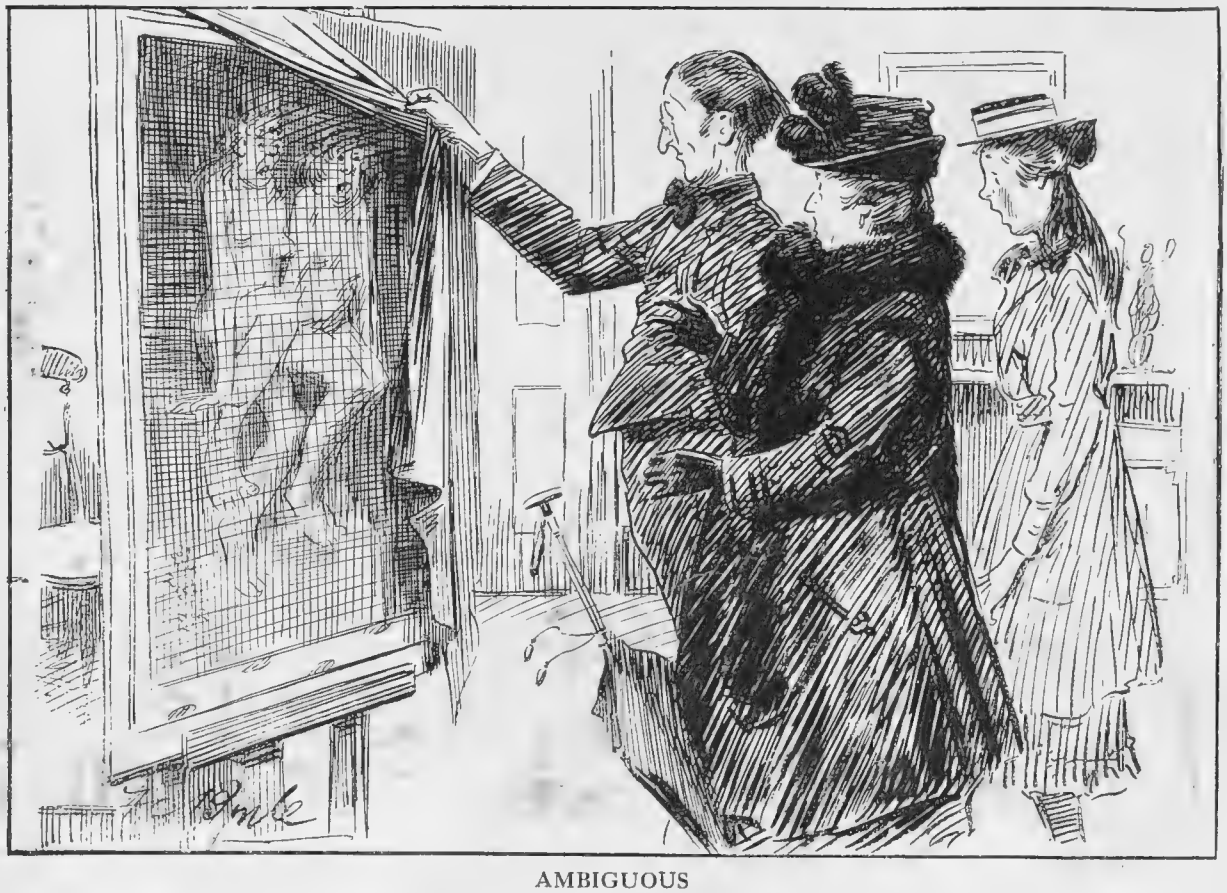
A PARROT blown out of window during one of the recent raids sat on a railing and talked for hours. Not cooing, of course, but just Pemberton-Billing.

❀

THE *Bremen* continues to arrive, bit by bit.

❀

DURING a recent advance a colonel was seen going forward with his pipe in one hand and a folding chair in the other. Preparing, no doubt, for the impromptu, "*J'y suis, J'y reste.*"



AMBIGUOUS

THE ARTIST: "I am afraid, Mrs. Subbubbs, my "Dancing Bacchantes" is about the only really decent picture I have in the studio"

Melting

MISS GREECE: "I'm sure the gallantry of you gentlemen would indeed soften the heart of any woman"

Liaison Letters from John to Jacques

NOTE BY EDITOR.—*The intention of these letters is to clear up to our French friends some of the mysteries of life in "Blighty." Our contributor is well known in Paris, where he has discharged important duties, and is now similarly engaged in London.*

A RESTAURANT CONTRAST

CHER AMI—

I AM sorry you had to go back so soon to your beloved France, as there was still much for you to learn of us over here. If, however, I succeeded in disabusing your Gallic mind of some of the warped impressions you have about England—so much the better. I think it was very sporting of you to spend a week of your sick leave in London, and not on the Boulevards or in the Bois.

⁂ ⁂

IF you dine to-morrow at the Café de la Paix, give my love to old Georges (I trust he is no fatter), and tell him London is at last ahead of him in the latest dish of vegetables. He is, as it were, beaten on the post by *Haricots Verts Marconi*. Why Marconi? French beans, of course, but with no strings! If you tell him this during the hour of the *apéritif* you will probably dine well that night, for Georges and his wheezing laugh are inseparable. How I miss that dear man after a tough chop in one of our grill-rooms.

⁂ ⁂

WHAT travelled Englishman is there who does not remember the quiet hour of the Paris dinner, be it in wartime or in peace? A maze of restaurants are spread before him, Henri's, Café de Paris, Paillard, Ciro's (closed, alas! *à cause de la guerre*), Prunier (oh, those oysters!), La Rue's. Or, if he be minded to venture further afield, "L'Auberge du Clou," in Montmartre, and Madame la Patronne welcoming him as a brother. I could go on for hours like this, as you know. But the Englishman, emerging from his hotel, and startled rather by the babel of the Boulevard, remembers last night, and goes back to the same place—so insular is he. The subdued lighting arrangements, a pale yellow, blend somehow with the dinner. The *maître d'hotel* comes forward smiling; he remembers. There is no noise: merely the low-toned "*Qu'est ce que Monsieur va prendre ce soir?*" The head waiter is himself an appetiser. He diffuses hunger from the very pores of his conciliatory skin. He suggests what you would like, and by his manner quickens a jaded appetite. He conveys the impression that he relishes the good food even more than you do—he from whom the simultaneous smell of a hundred dishes is seldom absent. The science of carving the bird lies before your eyes, not a morsel is spilt or wasted.

⁂ ⁂

AND the string quartette. Its presence wanders gracefully in upon your senses. It is there, somewhere—a soothing thrum upon muted strings. You ask for a *morceau* to be played. The *chef d'orchestre* goes into rhapsodies with his three *confrères* over the piece you have chosen with such taste. You see him all smiles and eagerness as the score is passed round. They have eyes and hands for nobody but you while they play it, and at the end he bows slightly across the room, thanking *you* for an unmerited honour conferred. Later, when, hard-headed business man that you are, you feel that a child could play with you, a bill is presented (a mere matter of form, your apologetic waiter seems to indicate, with a muttered "pardon, monsieur"), neatly folded over so that none, save him whom it concerns, may see. They are distressed when at length you go out into the uncharitable night, and several bid you God speed at the door with a fervent hope that "*Monsieur a bien dîné?*" etc. . . .

⁂ ⁂

TWO nights afterwards, London at 8.p.m. The aspirations of the Kaiser have necessitated your travelling Havre-Southampton instead of Boulogne-Folkestone; and for twenty-seven hours you have suffered a multitude of torments. You stumble through darkened streets to the last scream in London grill-rooms. Rude men in uniform push you about in the cloak-room. You descend to the cellars, and a wave of stagnant air envelops you. You plead hungrily with overworked officials in evening clothes for a seat. They assure you that it will be "a moment only": and you never see them again. The sharp edge of a tray hits you in the back, and a perspiring man brushes by with a hissed "excuse to me, plees." You have a glimpse of mangled chop bones and soiled plates. By sheer brute strength and absence of chivalry you find a seat. It is warm with its recent occupation, and its owner has left the mark of the beast upon the cloth. Another friendly neutral thrusts a large printed card beneath your nose, and hurries away, hurling imprecations at white-robed accomplices in the distance. Later he returns, and while a frenzied orchestra blares out *con molto espressione* that it "could say such wonderful things to you," you shout an order. He scribbles it down on a greasy block, and continues the waiters' Marathon once more. People of unknown breed discuss you openly at adjoining tables—and the band blares on. A quarter of an hour later, the Marathon, apparently, being won and lost, he stands breathlessly at your side once more with a "sorry, sir, ze braised 'am an' speenich is orf," and again the placard is pushed before your inflamed eyes.

⁂ ⁂

I WILL spare you further details, *mon ami*, you know them all. Suffice it to say that the bill, when it arrives, is one and sevenpence in favour of the proprietors. Moreover, the change is laid *on* the bill, and the cunning shilling hidden *underneath* the paper. You see, Marathon competitors must have a run for their money, mustn't they?

JOHN

The European "Great Central"

The Kaiser's train (Berlin-Bagdad), it doth not very well,
His other line is going strong (Express—Berlin to ——)

The Whip

PRIVATE MULLIGATAWNY (THE AUSTRALIAN STOCK-WHIP WONDER) FRE

[PASSED BY CENSOR]

Whip Hand

R) FREQUENTLY CAUSES A LOT OF BOTHER IN THE ENEMY'S TRENCHES

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

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LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"The Best of Luck" at Drury Lane

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS is a fine, fighting melodrama, in the best Drury Lane style, and there is at least one scene in it that makes you want to get up and wave your hat and slap somebody on the back. The sensations begin with the Prologue. In the year 1588 a Spanish galleon is anchored off the Scottish coast. The Laird of Glenayr comes on board the galleon, and not only has high words with the commander, Don Esteban de Lanzana, but even goes to the length of pushing his hand against the hidalgo's haughty features. The Laird is at first condemned to be hung at the yard-arm for his imprudence; but on second thoughts Don Esteban decides to take his prisoner back to Spain and get the experts of the Inquisition to put it across him. Consequently the Laird decides to blow up the ship and perish with her. The ensuing explosion is a lovely splash of noise and fire, and it is hard to believe for the moment that the theatre itself is not in flames.

⁂

AMONG other treasures on board the sunken galleon were the priceless jewels of the Infanta of Spain. These are shown to us by the handful—diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires; and one feels a certain pang of regret at realising that, after all, the lovely things are only bits of coloured glass. Even Mr. Arthur Collins, lavish as he is with his scenic effects, could not afford to throw it about quite like that. The main idea of the prologue is not only to emphasise the fact that all these jewels are at the bottom of the sea; but also to show that enmity between families may persist for hundreds of years. The next part of the story takes place in 1913, and the principal opponents are Lord Glenayr and General Lanzana, the direct descendants of the two rivals in the prologue.

⁂

LORD GLENAYR has not very much to do with the rest of the story until the last act. It is Leslie Macleod, his Lordship's *fiancée*, who, as it were, delivers the goods. General Lanzana proposes to Leslie, and when she refuses him, as girls will do when they love another, he vows that he must, and will, possess her. He invites her to his rooms for coffee and liqueurs, and while her back is turned for the moment he puts a dope into her glass calculated to place her at his mercy. Fortunately, Leslie sees the doping going on, and changes the glasses, with the result that the biter is bitten in several places. Before the doping takes place, the General tells Leslie all about the sunken jewels, and exhibits a chart showing the exact spot, N. by N.E. by W.S.W. (or thereabouts), where the treasure lies. Then as the bad, wicked man falls asleep under the influence of his own drug, Leslie snatches up the chart and runs off with it under the plea of military necessity, or something of that sort.

THE PLOT THICKENS

IT is late. There is no train to the North. What is to be done? Fortunately Leslie happens to be an expert motor-cyclist, and that is how she gets there. By the aid of moving scenery, a most realistic picture is given of the fair girl, in leather all-overs, scorching along the Great North Road at a time of night when the traffic ceases from troubling and the police trap is at rest. But the General is not beaten yet. He has a fast motor-car, and appoints two hired assassins to pursue the young and lovely girl and recover the chart at all costs. We see them slithering along the road, pursuer and pursued. On, on they dash! (It is usual to say this.) A warning is given to Leslie that the bridge over the railway is closed for alterations and repairs, the road being represented for the moment only by a narrow plank. But does our heroine hesitate? Not on your life! The voices of the terrified watchmen warn her that certain death lies ahead, but on, on, she goes. Amid the wildest excitement in the house, she skims across the narrow plank, which snaps and falls broken in the depths below just as she lands safely on the other side amid enthusiastic cheering. Then — hark! Here comes the motor-car with the hired assassins in it. Well, there it is. You can guess what happens to *them*. The car falls fifty feet to the line below, and an express train which happens to be passing at the moment clinches the catastrophe. It is a wonderful scene, and is not even eclipsed by the subsequent fight between divers under the sea, which is itself a marvel of sensation and scenery. Nothing quite so exciting as *The Best of Luck* can have been seen at Drury Lane before. It is an admirable production in every way. JINGLE

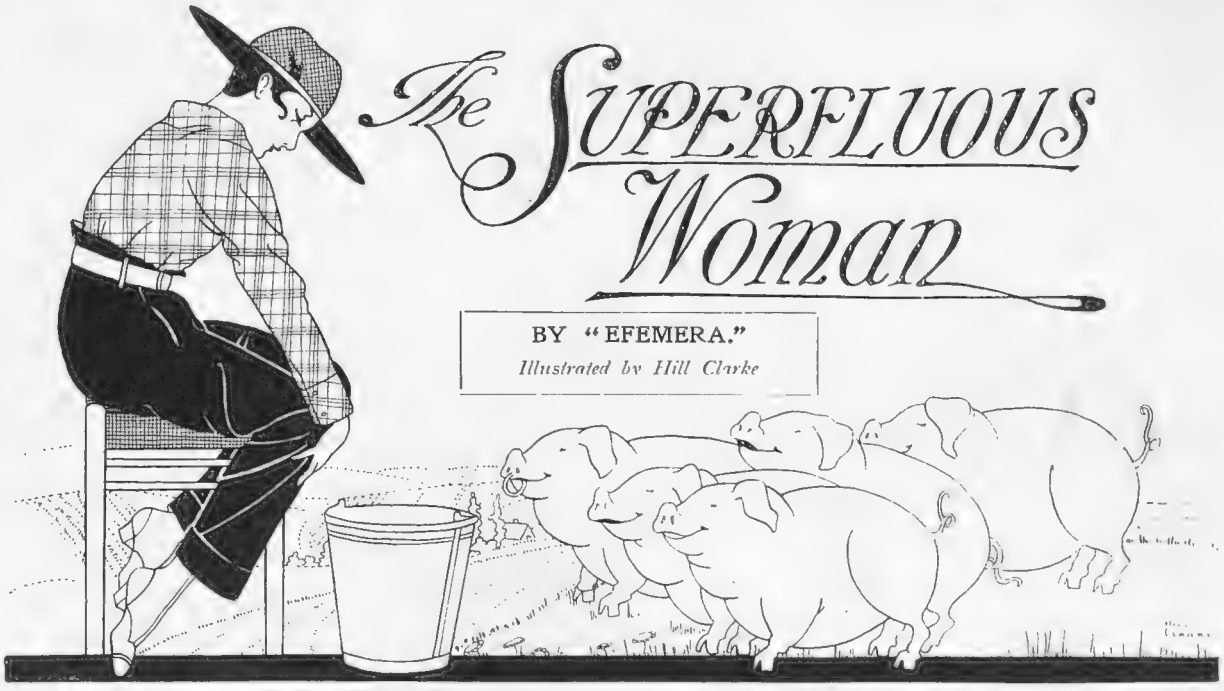
Thoroughly Thrilling

This fine fighting melodrama, "The Best of Luck," ought to fill Drury Lane for a long time to come. Sensation succeeds sensation; but General Smith-Dorrien and the Bishop of London could sit through it without the slightest shock

The SUPERFLUOUS Woman

BY "EFEMERA."

Illustrated by Hill Clarke



"Assuming their share of the nation's burden"

After the War

WHAT is going to happen to women after the war? What will they do? For the first time in at least two generations the greater part of the women of the country are engaged in useful work. They are standing on their own feet, and assuming their share of the nation's burden. They have come forward and filled the places left vacant by our fighting men. You may say that this is only temporary—that when the men come home again women will relinquish the jobs they have taken up and withdraw in good order; but to what?

❀ ❀

Empty Gentility

IT is possible—but, I think, by no means probable—that women will be content to give up their newly acquired independence, to cling for support to a father's, husband's, or brother's coat-tail. A great many young women would find it intolerable to occupy themselves with such genteel pursuits as feeding the canary, airing the dogs, aimless shopping, tormenting the piano, novel-reading, and empty social activities, or even dusting the drawing-room and arranging flowers and playing games. Besides which, the girl who has earned her own living as an independent member of the community is not likely to be satisfied by an inadequate dress allowance or by a system of niggardly paternal or marital doles. The most elementary self-respect forbids such a life.

"Tormenting the Piano"

❀ ❀

"Children, Church, and Kitchen"

THERE has been a certain amount of talk about the inevitable return of women to the domestic sphere and a noticeable attempt to revive the old "womanly" ideals. Women are told that when our men come home they will have no use for any but the domestic, ultra-feminine, clinging type of woman, that the Kaiser's ideal of "children, church, and kitchen"—with, perhaps, not so much insistence on the church—will be more or less imposed upon us, and that the best thing we can do will be to yield gracefully—nay, enthusiastically—to the demand. This may be true or not. Certainly I do not doubt that a great many men are looking forward to the comforts of home life. They have every right to do so.

❀ ❀

A Trade Union of Wives

THERE will always be a place for the domestic woman, the woman who subordinates all other interests to her duties as wife and mother, but that place is limited. One thing, however, seems to have been left out of the reckoning by the people who preach a return to domesticity and the ideals of a past

(*Continued on page 86*)

As You Like Them

THREE IMPERSONATIONS

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS ISOBEL ELSOM

The charming actress playing in that successful piece, "The Happy Day," at Daly's

Photographs

A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF MISS MADELINE SEYMOUR

Who is playing to crowded houses in the new "Potash and Perlmutter" play at the Queen's Theatre

Bertram Park

MRS. MABEL BUCKLEY

Who, as Miss Mabel Danby, was a popular actress at the Gaiety, is returning to the stage in a leading part in Mr. Cochrane's new production at the St. Martin's Theatre

THE SUPERFLUOUS WOMAN (concluded from page 84)

generation for all women indiscriminately. Even before the war there were far more women than men in this country, and not all the young men who so bravely marched away will come home again. The casualty lists show only too plainly the toll on the nation's best lives. The problem of the superfluous woman will have increased many fold, and it will be more acute.

❀ ❀

Musical Chairs

Not every woman, whatever her domestic inclinations, will be able to marry and expend her energies in making a home for a man. Supposing that all women, or even a large proportion of them, had made up their minds to do so, the result would be a sort of undignified game of musical chairs, in which some of them, perhaps those best fitted for the job, must of necessity be left out. When there are not enough husbands to go round, it is evident that a number of women must remain single, and either cadge for a living or support themselves.

❀ ❀

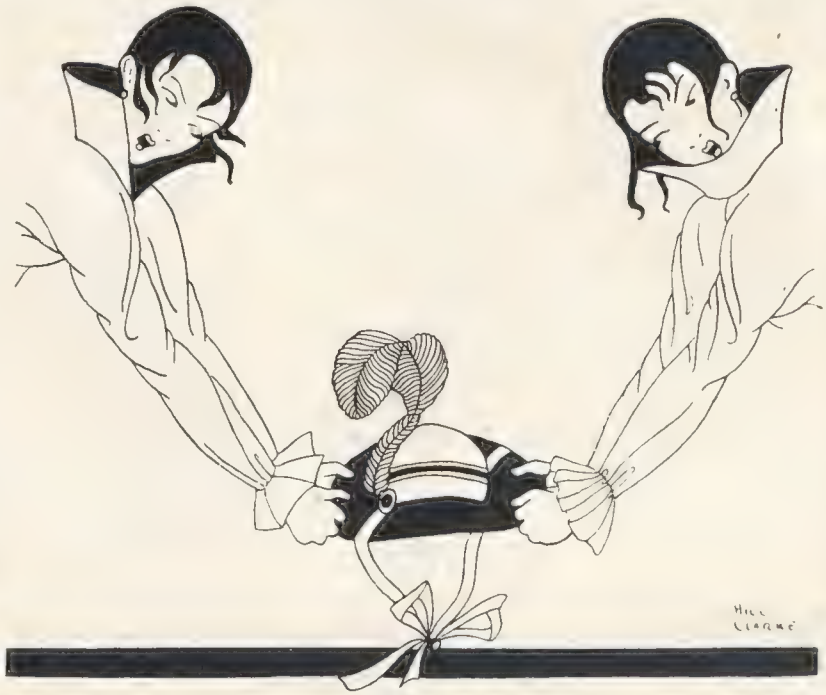
The Man of Many Wives

It would not be good for women, or men either, if each precious male were to be surrounded by a group of female hangers-on—nothing, in the end, could make for greater dissatisfaction. Think of the deliberate and enforced angling, the bitterness of feminine competition, bound to result in cattishness and spite—all the more despicable traits of exaggerated femininity! No, the domestic ideal is not for every woman, unless we are prepared to admit polygamy. Even in that case the independence of character of British women would hardly make for smoothness in harem life. As for separate establishments, most men will find it sufficiently difficult to support one household. Imagine an unhappy man desperately striving to avoid friction and to distribute impartial favours amongst his various wives! You can picture him trying to strike a balance: "If I pay for a new stair-carpet for Jane, will she be angry if I give Maria a bracelet? And in that case Gwendolen is sure to want a new hat. . . ."

"It would not be good for women or men either, if each precious male were surrounded by a group of female hangers-on"

The Sultan's Handkerchief

On the other hand, if women are self-supporting there will be the competition with male labour, the dangers of which we have heard so much. That, we are told, will lead to nothing but sex antagonism, animosity, and general wretchedness. Friction, friction all the way, in fact. And we must not forget



"Friction, friction all the way"

that some women will expect to be supported in return for their domestic services. There would be war to the knife between these and their economically independent sisters. It would probably lead to a trade union of wives. And what a scramble when any sultan showed a disposition to throw the handkerchief. A remnant sale would be nothing to it.

❀ ❀

Golden Opportunity

Either the greater part of women must be prepared to stand on their own feet, to sink or swim by their own efforts in the struggle for life, and leave the economic question to settle itself, which in some way it is bound to do, though the way may be neither a pleasant nor a peaceful one, or else the superfluous women must trek to some country where men are still plentiful and women not a drug on the market. I see that according to the United States census, taken in 1910, there were at that time 2,693,156 more men than women, and I do not suppose that the proportion has greatly altered since. So there is an admirable opportunity for over two and a half millions of superfluous women, supposing the purely domestic ideal gets the upper hand. I submit the suggestion, without prejudice, for what it is worth.

EFEMERA

"PROVIDE FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE SONS OF OFFICERS WHO FALL IN THE WAR."
—*KITCHENER.*

AN APPEAL
BY
PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK
IN MEMORY OF LORD KITCHENER.

As representing the Council of the Imperial Service College, Windsor, I have the honour to appeal to the public for its support of a scheme for the permanent endowment of the College in memory of the late LORD KITCHENER.

The College, which is the only institution of its kind in England, was founded some years ago for the purpose of providing a public school education for the Sons of Officers of limited means belonging to the Navy, Army, and Higher Civil Services.

The work of the College was highly appreciated by the late LORD KITCHENER, who took an active and sympathetic interest in its objects and welfare, and promised the Council to give his personal assistance at the end of the War towards raising a large endowment fund, the sum aimed at being £100,000. He commended the work of the College in the following letter:

To the Council of the
Imperial Service College, Windsor.
I consider the work undertaken by the Imperial Service College to be most valuable, and I sincerely hope that funds will be available to develop that work, AND PROVIDE FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE SONS OF OFFICERS WHO FALL IN THE WAR.
KITCHENER.

The Council consider that, owing to the concluding words of the letter of The Great Field-Marshal, every effort should be made to develop the scheme so as to provide exceptional facilities for the education of the Sons of Officers who have fallen in the war. At the same time they feel that the permanent endowment of the college (thereafter to be called the Kitchener College) would be a fitting memorial to the great and distinguished public servant whose loss we all mourn.

The Lord Mayor of London has caused a letter to be written to the Council informing them that, whilst it is impossible to divert funds to the Imperial Service College from the Lord Kitchener National Memorial Fund, he views with sympathy their efforts to provide good and economical education for the Sons of Officers, and would be glad to see the College placed on a sound permanent basis.

I have also received letters from Sir John Jellicoe and Viscount French heartily recommending this appeal to the public.

SIR JOHN JELLICOE *writes:*
"Lord Kitchener had the interest of the College very much at heart, and no more worthy object for support could be found as a memorial to him."

VISCOUNT FRENCH *writes:*
"Your scheme has my very heartiest support and sympathy, and I wish every possible success to the noble cause for which you are appealing."

Contributions may be addressed to the Treasurers, Imperial Service College Endowment Fund, 15, Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W.

(*Signed*) ALEXANDER OF TECK.

The Imperial Service College is in no sense a charity. The great majority of the boys pay the full fees, which are roughly £80 a year, and out of the interest on the money subscribed the Council is able to provide £30 each towards the fees of the other boys. From private sources comes another £25, leaving about £25 for the parent or parents to pay.

There is a long waiting list of boys, and there will be more as time goes on, so that extra dormitory accommodation at least will become necessary. All boys join the school O.T.C., but they are educated for all professions, not merely for the Services.

Not the least of the sacrifices made by some of the officers in the new Army is that of their plans and hopes for the future of their sons. It is a reasonable supposition that the sons of such officers will represent England at its finest; and it is unthinkable that they should be placed at an educational disadvantage because their fathers were prepared to give up everything of material value for the sake of their country.

To those who think deeply about the problems of Empire it is difficult to believe there can be anything which will appeal so strongly as a work which has for its object the right upbringing and adequate education of those boys whose fathers are helping England to-day, and who, in their turn, it may justly be hoped, will carry on our country's traditions of honour and straight dealing and freedom and justice whenever their own call comes.

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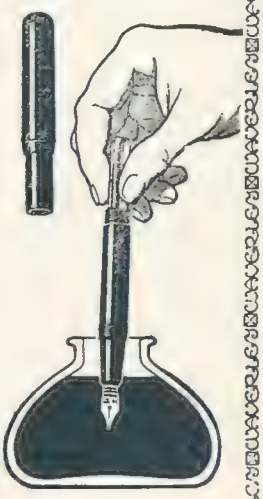

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A few drops on the handkerchief or in your hand basin, a little in your bath, is delightfully refreshing and invigorating.

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY.

Retaliation

A REVENGE BY HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION

BY CHARLOTTE FRANKLYN

I.

"Show the gentleman in, Collins," said Henry Hylton to his man.

He stood complacently on his hearthrug, waiting for the expected reporter to enter. It was the morning before his wedding-day, and Hylton was well-pleased with the trend of events. The man he was waiting to see was the fourth reporter who had sought an interview with him that morning. For the time being, no murder trial or other sensational event was claiming public attention, and the Press was desirous of making copy out of the celebrated actor's wedding to one of the leading Society beauties of the day. Hylton's marriage was proving fully as great an advertisement as he had intended it to be.

A man entered his studio, and Hylton took a step forward, wearing the conventional smile of greeting he reserved for the Press. But the newcomer advanced without the ingratiating deference of Hylton's former visitors. He was a tall, lithe man, and dominated Hylton, who was of quite average height, by fully half a head. His face was pale, and his dark, glowing eyes were arresting, eerie, sinister. The eyes somehow reminded the actor of someone, something. . . .

"Good morning," said Hylton pleasantly; "please sit down. You represent the ——."

"My name," said the man in a cold, deep voice, "is Darnley Stone, and I am here this morning with regard to my sister Doreen."

Hylton was distinctly annoyed. Here, instead of the urbane reporter he had been expecting, was Doreen's brother. He thought he had finally settled matters when he left her, three months ago. He had then made it clear to her, so he had imagined, that the separation was final. So what the deuce did this abominable fellow with his staring eyes want with him this morning, above all others? However, he masked his feelings, and glancing insolently at his gold wrist-watch, remarked casually:

"I'm afraid I am rather pressed for time, so if you would kindly be as brief as possible——."

"I have only this to say," interrupted the other in those freezing tones of his. "I have been travelling abroad for the last year in the investigation of scientific matters, and so did not know that my sister had gone on the stage, met you, and ruined her life. Had I been in England then, these things would never have happened. As it is, you have treated her like the cad I know you to be, and you shall make reparation. I shall not interfere with your forthcoming marriage, for I should not allow Doreen to marry you, but she shall be avenged, and fully. You shall be ruined in your moment of greatest triumph, and by my power alone. From this day you shall never see me again, until I choose the moment to strike you down. You may forget. I never shall."

Before Hylton had time to reply the man had noiselessly, as he had entered, left the room. Hylton heaved a sigh of relief that the scene had not been a worse one, and mixed himself a stiff drink. What the dickens did the fool mean, with his absurdly theatrical hints and threats, he thought? For the moment, he paled at the idea of Doreen's brother making a scene at the church, but next instant remembered that he had distinctly said that he would not interfere with the wedding.

With a shrug Henry Hylton dismissed the subject from his mind as the representative of the *Rising Sun* was shown in by Collins.

II

Each year added its quota to Henry Hylton's fame. From the social point of view his marriage had proved most useful, and he seemed to be able to trace the ascension of his lucky star back to his wedding-day. He had gone into management, and every play he produced was an assured success. As an actor his fame was equally great. In the profession they called him "Mascot Hylton."

After the lapse of ten years he stood once more upon his hearthrug, awaiting the assiduous interviewers. He was no longer quite so slim as of yore; his hair had thinned considerably, and a life of self-indulgent materialism had left its traces on his face. But the women still ran after him as they used to do, and made fools of themselves over him, just as little Doreen Stone had done.

He thought now that that affair had been the most delightful of all.

She had been so enchantingly young, and innocent, and palpitating. He remembered her, as she had one night walked into his dressing-room at the theatre of her dull provincial home, where his first tour had landed him for a fortnight. It had been a new amusement to his already jaded mind to find so passionate and eager a novice to initiate into stage-life—and love.

She adored him, and placed him above all other men in her worship, with the exception of one. This was her brother, absent from England at the time, whom she had described mysteriously as a wonderful creature, a superman, endowed with strange powers over his fellows. How, recalling her words in retrospect, Hylton smiled derisively as he thought of the man's absurd threats, threats that had at first caused him a few qualms of uneasiness, but which he could now, after all these years, afford to laugh away. His position was secure—unassailable by the breath of scandal or malice.

The representative of the *London World* was shown in by Collins. It appeared that he was anxious to find out full details about the forthcoming gala performance at Hylton's Theatre, which had been commanded by Royalty in celebration of the visit of a foreign prince—a visit of the greatest diplomatic significance.

"We understand," said the pressman, "that this performance is going to be one of unrivalled splendour?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Hylton, "the whole theatre will be redecorated after a wonderful design. We expect everybody who is anybody in the world of fashion, art, and diplomacy to be present, and there will be performed for the first time a new masterpiece by one of our greatest playwrights."

(All rights strictly reserved) (Continued on page 90)

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Write to us if you have any difficulty in obtaining these Lists.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (concluded from page 88)

As the day of the great gala drew near Hylton became one of the busiest men in London. In addition to his nightly appearances he was rehearsing the new play in every available moment. The whole theatre was a buzzing hive of industry and excitement. It was to be a great event, and, it was freely whispered, the prelude to a knighthood for the famous actor.

The great night arrived at last. The theatre was surrounded by a cordon of police. Crowds had waited at the pit and gallery entrances since three o'clock in the morning.

Behind the scenes, in the dressing-rooms, the celebrities who composed the cast surrounding Hylton were making themselves up for their various parts in a fever of excitement. Not so the great "star" himself. He let his dresser perform the usual duties in the usual manner. A peaceful atmosphere reigned in his dressing-room, in violent contrast to that prevailing outside. He was so sure of himself, so confident of success. He had never known failure in his life.

His first appearance on the stage was greeted with enthusiastic applause, slightly subdued in deference to the presence of royalty. Supremely calm, master of himself and his subordinates, he bowed deferentially towards the Royal Box on the grand tier. He noticed with some slight surprise that the stage box below it was still unoccupied.

Hylton's great scene, the climax of the drama, was to take place in the next act. During the interval the problem of the empty stage box recurred to his mind. He knew that it had been reserved, for not a seat in the house had remained unsold.

The curtain rose on the second act.

After some preliminary business Hylton entered; this moment would lead to the crowning triumph of his career. In the next interval he would be presented to their Majesties. And then, again making obeisance towards the Royal box, he noticed that the one below it was now occupied. Dimly there loomed out of the shadows a man's white face, in which shone dark eyes, malignantly triumphant; seated beside him, a dim white form. And then Hylton understood; Darnley Stone had not forgotten; he was there, in the supreme moment, to watch his every movement, to destroy his powers, to hypnotise him into failure, and he had brought Doreen with him to witness the inevitable *débâcle* that would avenge her.

An instant's silence, an impressive pause, before Hylton began his great speech. And into that tense silence fell a woman's sob. He knew whence it came. A tremor passed through him. Scenes and incidents, fragments of the past, flashed across his brain, and withal, in deadly certainty, he felt his memory melting beneath the immovable glare of those terrible eyes.

The silence grew longer. Hylton put out a hand to steady himself. No sound issued from his parched and blanching lips.

The silence stretched like an empty, yawning chasm between the stage and the house.

Hylton swayed.

Then a man's voice cut through the stillness—a cold voice of steel, like a knife.

"He's dried up!" And a laugh, a short, diabolical, triumphant laugh of derision followed. A woman screamed.

They rang down the curtain. C. FRANKLYN

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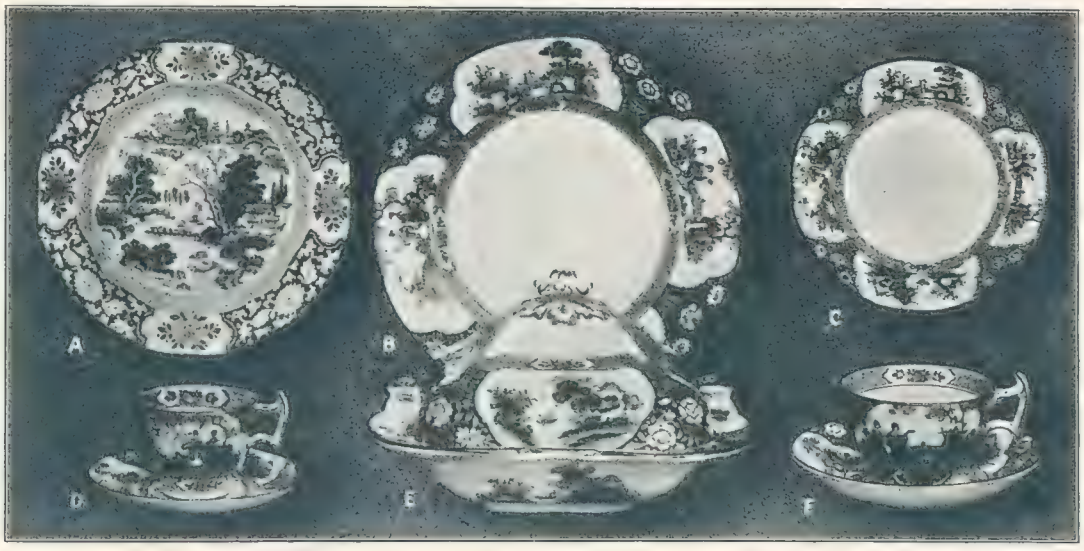

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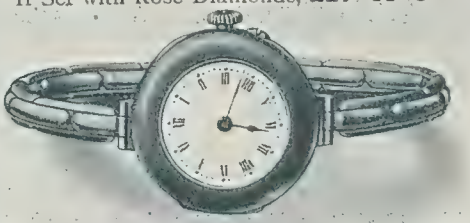

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Photograph *Arthur Heathcote*

MISS MARY GLYNNE

The brilliant young actress now playing in Harold Brighouse's new comedy, "The Clock Goes Round," at the Globe

Books of the Week

SOME NOVELS AND MEMOIRS

The Publisher as Novelist

After Grant Richards, Herbert Jenkins. If this sort of thing continues we shall (when the coming of peace brings with it renewed discussion of all those domestic things which really don't matter in the least) expect to hear of new publishing firms. "Messrs. Wells and Bennett beg to announce a new novel by Mr. Hall Caine . . ." or "Mr. George Moore's New Autumn List contains Mrs. Barclay's latest success. . . ." But Mr. Jenkins has done the thing before. Before he set up as a publisher he was known as one of Borrow's best biographers, and a well-known magazine periodically contained some of his work. Now with the appearance of *Bindle* (Jenkins: 5*s.* net) he definitely sets out on a new road. Having shown that he can discover new humourists in other people, he now shows you that he has discovered possibly the best of them all in himself. *Bindle* is delicious, just the sort of book which you will want when some wretched pessimist has been carefully and meticulously and quite unnecessarily explaining to you the difficulties which the Rumanian Army has to encounter. Just the sort of book, too, for you when you have finished a hard day's work and wish to forget the war until the next morning.

The Amusing Mr. Bindle

Bindle himself is a large-hearted hero. His legitimate profession is that of journeyman furniture remover. But Bindle is more than that. He has a heart of gold, real gold, and his idea of humour is such that it sends him forth into any number of fantastic adventures. (He is particularly good in hotels.) Mr. Jenkins even allows him to try his hand at a burglary, but Bindle's burglary is a thing apart from the ordinary dark lantern affair. It is the sort of gorgeous burglary which nobody except a man of Bindle's genius could have satisfactorily accomplished, and it is only due to him to say that the word "satisfactorily" does not imply that Bindle materially benefited from his night's work. There is also Mrs. Bindle and Mrs. Bindle's godlike relations. There is also a niece whom Bindle loves and treats in the proper avuncular manner. In fact, everything about Bindle is delightfully amusing, and you can take up the book and read it where you like. (I tried it on an Australian Captain who had been gassed, and he is now convalescent; but that is by the way.)

"Men, Women, and Guns"

"Sapper's" new book, *Men, Women, and Guns* (Hodder and Stoughton: 5*s.* net), is a splendid piece of work. You may with justice complain that our writers bestow V.C.'s on their heroes almost as lavishly as the Kaiser distributes his Iron Crosses, but that is a small matter. "Sapper" has made his reputation very quickly, but it is well deserved. These stories of his are the real thing. His men are real men, his women understandable, and his guns—well, you may read what they are doing for us in his book. You might suppose that it would be impossible to invent new war dramas, but "Sapper" has managed to break new ground. The story which tells you why Spud Trevor saved himself at the expense of a pal's wife when their ship sank in mid-ocean is possibly the most thrilling invention of all. But these stories are not merely exciting yarns: they convey a serious message and at the same time help to interpret the hell out in France.

More About Hunland

Miss Anna Topham's *Memories of the Fatherland* (Methuen: 10*s.* 6*d.*), supplements an earlier book of hers on the Imperial German Court. It does not tell us very much that was not known before, but it gives interesting interpretations of the Prussian character, and there are plenty of little personal experiences which are well worth the telling. The more you think about the Hun as he is at home the more you realise how inevitable his recent actions have been; and yet before the war most of us seem to have been as completely hypnotised as the Huns are to-day, or have been until very lately by their own rulers. Miss Topham's book is pleasantly written, and, of course, the Imperial family fill a number of her pages. But we may hope that this is the last of such books. They are tending to become more than a little monotonous. R. S.

ON AN IRISH STATION

Twenty miles from everywhere; but "The Bystander" penetrates even here, and is evidently welcomed by the three officers in the picture

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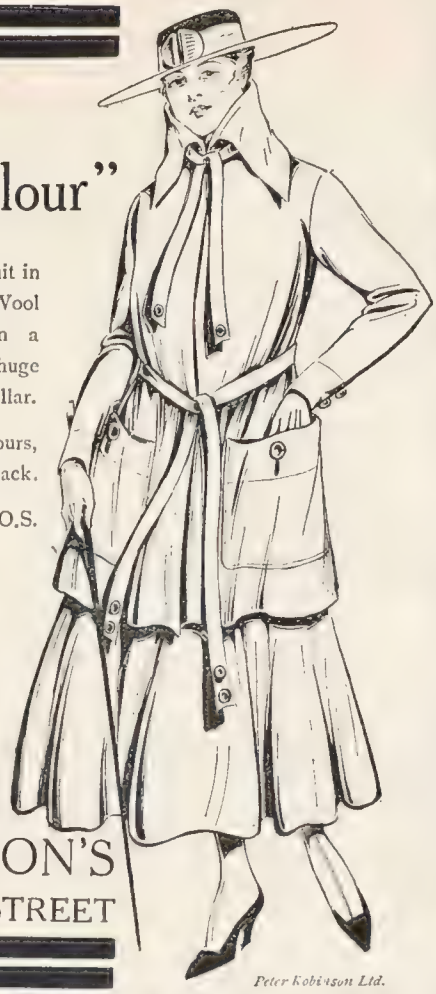

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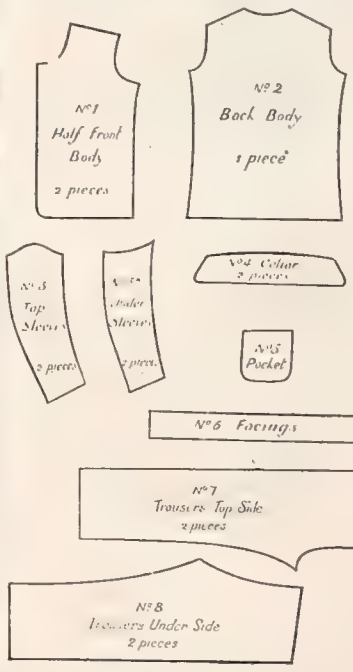

CUT-OUT HOSPITAL PYJAMAS and SHIRTS For our Wounded

Working Parties find it extremely helpful to get their Material all ready cut out; it saves much waste trouble and time.

CUT-OUT PYJAMAS

as illustrated unmade but cut-out ready for making up, with Girdle and Buttons complete. Full instructions for making up with each set.

5/9 EACH.
(67/- DOZEN)
SAMPLE SUIT. 5/9
Post Paid.

ARMY SHIRTS CUT-OUT IN THE SAME WAY 3/9 (43/- DOZEN) SAMPLE SHIRT 3/9 POST PAID

The "Novice" in the Riding School

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS RAY COX

As the "Willing Pupil" in her entertaining scene in "Flying Colours" at the Hippodrome

"Gad! they're fine."

THE "SUB"

does not demand much, but he does appreciate a decent cigarette. He tries most brands of the 1/- packets of 20 and then he strikes Cavander's "Army Club" at 9d. for 20, equally as good, equally as mild, and he says, "Gad! they're fine, I'm sticking to these. I'll send on some to the Captain."

It would be impossible to compress more real pleasure into 20 cigarettes than is found in

CAVANDER'S

"Army Club"

CIGARETTES

PRICES.—9d. for 20, 1/10½ for 50, 3/9 for 100.

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post 200 "Army Club" Cigarettes to Members of the Expeditionary Forces for 6/-, specially packed in air-tight tins of 50's

CAVANDER'S, 261, High Street, Glasgow. The Firm of Three Centuries. Established 1775. London Postal Address: 167, Strand, London, W.C.

This Series of Advertisements is republished by desire.

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Exclusive Rest Gowns.

None can appreciate as fully as the modern woman the comfort of a well-cut Rest Gown. Our models give perfect relaxation and freedom of movement without losing that distinctive tone which is the characteristic of all our productions.

By Z36.—**DAINTY REST GOWN** of Crêpe de Chine with new kilted skirt and large cape collar of ninon. In sky, pink, mauve, grey, vieux rose, also in black and white

5 Gns.

Illustrated Fashion Catalogue post free on request.

Post Orders receive prompt and careful attention.

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At the present moment Stockinette Coats are particularly fashionable in Paris, and we have now in stock a wonderful variety of these useful and attractive garments, both in Coats, Coat Frocks and Coats and Skirts, in plain wool or silk stockinette, and also with smart fur collars.

SILK STOCKINETTE JUMPER COAT, as sketch. Three quarter length. In black and white stripes. Very attractive style with fur collar as shewn.

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(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
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Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality, for Value.

"A masterpiece."

GALLIPOLI

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By **JOHN MASEFIELD**

"It grips the mind of a reader with an intensity and enthusiasm which no other war book has achieved."—*Daily Telegraph.*

SOLDIERS TALES SERIES

Ask any bookseller for a list of these fascinating books.

HEINEMANN

Capt. M——, B.E.F., France, writes 6/2/16:—
"Your Soles are absolutely O.K."
Sir H. H. A. HOARE, Bart., writes 29/11/15:—
"They are in every way thoroughly satisfactory."

Phillips' 'Military'
SOLES AND HEELS

¶ Thin rubber plates, with raised studs, to be attached on top of ordinary soles and heels, giving complete protection from wear. The rubber used is **six times more durable than leather.**

¶ They impart smoothness to the tread, give grip, and prevent slipping. Feet kept dry in wet weather.

FROM ALL BOOTMAKERS.

STOUT (for Active Service) ... ... **4/9** per set.
LIGHT (for Town wear, golf, &c.) ... **3/9** ,,
LADIES (for general wear) ... ... **3/-** ,,
With slight extra charge for fixing.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send pencilled outline of sole and heel, with P.O for Sample Set, to the makers. Sent Post Free.

Phillips' Patents, Ltd. (Dept. K.2.) **142-6 Old Street, LONDON, E.C.**

MUSICAL NOTES

THE ORDINARY MAN'S MUSIC

PEOPLE are always asking me what is wrong with English music, and I have always answered that there is nothing at all wrong with the best English music, except the difficulty of hearing it. Vaughan-Williams, Delius, Bax, Elgar, and one or two others in lesser degree are composers at least as interesting as any to be found in any other country, Strauss, Schönberg, Ravel, and Debussy, perhaps excepted. True, we have no great striking musical personality of a kind to capture popular imagination and journalistic celebrity. But there is plenty of first-rate English music to be heard by those who know when, how, and where to find it.

⁂ ⁂

BUT to those who do not know I can well imagine that the case appears quite different. Some of us musical specialists have lately been forced by war exigencies to hear our music as best we can. We have not been able to pick and choose as in former times, with the result that we have, perhaps, gained quite a new insight into musical conditions—in short, we have been forced to hear our music in precisely the same way as the ordinary person who patronises the ordinary concerts and the ordinary performers.

SPEAKING for myself, I must admit that the experience has been distinctly illuminating and not altogether agreeable. I am forced to the conclusion that the ordinary English composer or executive artist is a person sadly undistinguished either in intellect, imagination, or vitality. I have heard compositions so exactly like previous compositions that I could hardly believe they were original productions at all. I have heard a prodigy in an excessive collar play a concerto so badly that the result was a real parody of the composition. And did the audience object? Not a bit of it; they insisted on an encore. As for the singers. . . . Well, some of them have good voices, but the songs they sing are, as a rule, quite indescribable. Yet the audience applauds them all alike, whether they sing well or badly or whether their songs are good music or the veriest rubbish.

⁂ ⁂

I AM told, probably with truth, that things are much worse now than in normal times, because the vitality of English music has been sapped by the war. I trust it may be so. But if anybody is ever inclined to carp at the achievements of our splendid little musical minority, I hope he will try to realise the kind of thing it is "up against." FRANCIS TOYE

FOR QUALITY **Shoolbred's** FOR VALUE

Coat Tailoring Department.

Coats and Wraps in the new Autumn Styles.

Every Garment is faultlessly cut and made, finished in the most thorough fashion and strictly MODERATE IN PRICE.

We illustrate a smart Blanket Velour Wrap, Collar and Cuffs trimmed with Fur. In various colourings of Nigger, Myrtle, Navy, &c.

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A Smart

"Durward" Costume

Write for Patterns and Illustrations of my New Summer Coats and Costumes.

Post free on application.

The "STIRLING."
A smart and useful Suit for country wear. In Cheviots, Homespuns, etc. Also makes up very smart in my famous Rainproof "Durwardette."

ULSTER HOUSE, CONDUIT ST., W.

After a hard day's work

nothing is so quickly and thoroughly refreshing as a cup of the famous

FORMOSA OOLONG TEA

THE TEA OF CONNOISSEURS.

Try it at the

Formosa Oolong Tea Rooms,

36, PICCADILLY, W.,

the most charming place in London for

LUNCHEONS, TEAS AND DINNERS.

Formosa Oolong Tea—

Pure 2/10, 3/10 per lb. Blend, 2/7, 3/4, 4/4 per lb.

Formosa Oolong Teas (Pure and Blended) can be obtained at Ridgways, Ltd., London; R. Twining & Co., Ltd., London; and Andrew Melrose & Co., Edinburgh, and their branches and agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

P. Pat. 11638/16

A Watch-protector that SHOWS the time—not hides it

This *improved* watch-protector reveals the time in any position, yet protects perfectly. It fits any wrist watch, — once fixed you need not touch it.

Telephoning, writing, driving—whenever the hands are employed, turn your wrist and the time is before you.

WRIST WATCH "Mesh-Guard"

Rec No 656.724

Have one fitted to-day—then the first fall or squeeze your watch receives the 'Mesh-Guard' has paid for itself.

Insist on the 'Mesh-Guard.' British-owned and British-made. Sold by leading Jewellers everywhere. Nickel or Khaki 1/-; in Rolled Gold or Hall-marked Silver 2/6

If any difficulty in obtaining, please send your name & address to the

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THE HOUSE FOR VALUE

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OF KENSINGTON

AT Pointings you are always sure of a really charming Gown. There is no "perhaps" about it. . . The best of value, too.

The Dressing Gown sketched is made in good quality Lambswool decorated with long silk collar and wide belt at back.

Colours:
Saxe, Fraise, Sky, Pink, Grey.

A bargain worth securing.

29/11

PONTINGS KENSINGTON HIGH ST. W.

Autumn Changes

are very trying to the complexion, and make the regular use of POND'S Vanishing Cream imperatively necessary. Its protective, soothing influence saves your skin from the spoiling effects of wind and rain, and keeps the complexion undimmed and unblemished. ***No massage is required.*** Delightfully dainty to use, being quite free from grease or stickiness. Deliciously perfumed with the undying fragrance of Jacqueminot roses. *Insist on POND'S—the original and best Vanishing Cream.*

POND'S Vanishing Cream is manufactured solely by Pond's Extract Co., whose 70 years' world-wide reputation is a guarantee of its purity and merit.

Of all Chemists in **1/3** *Tubes and* **1/3** *and* **2/6** *Jars.*

FREE TRIAL TUBE sent on receipt of 1d. stamp for postage.

POND'S EXTRACT CO.

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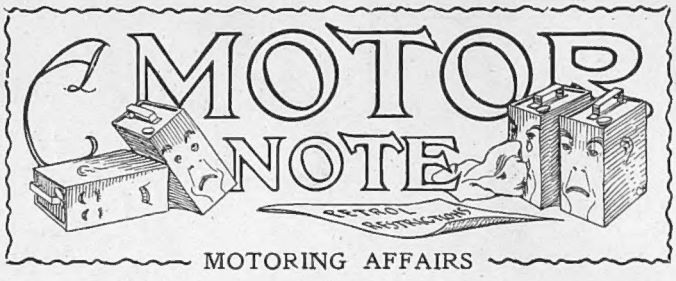


More Petrol

MR. NOEL MOBBS, acting for the Allied Societies, meaning all motoring associations, has received an intimation from the Secretary to the Petrol Committee intimating a likely increase in the present parsimonious allocation of petrol to the civil consumer. The increase will probably operate after the present month. This came in reply to the first Noel communication, which pointed out that everybody was positively stuffy with petrol which they could not sell because the Petrol Committee's permit would not allow of it. Even a Petrol Committee can hardly fail to see the sense of consuming surplus stocks when such consumption, in addition to contributing to the efficiency of those businesses which have to carry on somehow, represents revenue for the national exchequer without detriment to the supply of adequate quantities for military purposes. And so, I suppose, we shall shortly get more petrol—unless the official experts get busy with more experiments on tank steamers!

***

In Memoriam

JULES GOUX and a Committee are organising a memorial to Georges Boillot, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, who fell for France while on air service. It is meet that the memory of a giant in the annals of motoring, who died so splendidly, should be perpetuated; and it is fitting that his friend and fellow giant, Goux, should initiate the movement. All who feel that this is indeed a good thing, write Goux at 71-73, Avenue de la Grande Armée, Paris.

***

Scooters

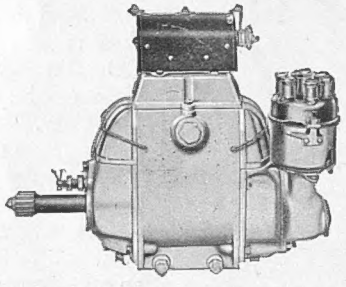
MY idea of a motor scooter seems to have been born simultaneously in the mind of an American, who had, what I had not, the practical turn of mind and the facilities for output. So here we have the scooter already in existence in America; and I have heard of a Wall Auto-wheel being adapted in the same way here, but haven't seen it. Perhaps it will not be long before we all scoot to our jobs on these little beasts—past hoardings upon which the official intelligence had posted huge notices appealing to the people not to scoot for pleasure—or, perhaps, not to scoot for nuts! Which reminds me that the War Savings Committee has switched off from motor-cars and is now keen upon coal, gas, and electric light. The appeal will fall quite feelingly upon the housekeeper who must pay £2 per ton for coal, and who, directly a saving in the consumption of electricity is, at great inconvenience, effected, finds the electric supply company has put up the price and made a minimum. I suppose if somebody put up a poster under the appeal to save, to the effect that the more you save the more it will cost you, he would be considered a most unpatriotic person.

***

In Hope

STRAKER-SQUIRES announce that, although they are still full up with war-work, the 15-20 h.p. private car will be ready for the market directly war ends. Good enough! We have had to do without so many of the things that made life worth living before August, 1914, that we are getting used to it; but we shall, all the same and so far as possible, make up for our hard times directly we can, and one of the things a number of motorists will make for in a bee line is this same 15-20 h.p. Straker, doubtless one of our very finest middle-power vehicles. In anticipation of that rush, take time by the forelock and get well up on the waiting list.

(*Continued on page 104*)



ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

IT is the Buick Policy to furnish its clients with only such innovations in design as have been proven to be reliable by the supreme test of service.
Acting on this policy all Buick Cars are equipped with the Delco System of Self-starting, Lighting and Ignition, which has been fitted to more than 300,000 cars. The Delco System is *built into* the Buick Car as part of its standard equipment.
Buick Starting and Lighting therefore means absolute dependability and freedom from care, and Buick Ignition means a hot, perfectly timed and automatically regulated spark under all conditions.

Owing to our organization being largely engaged on War Service the output of Buick Cars is at present restricted.

Buick
VALVE-IN-HEAD MOTOR CARS

General Motors (Europe), Limited, 136 Long Acre, W.C.

"Aquascutum"

FIELD & TRENCH COATS

WATERPROOF YET SELF-VENTILATING

It is the unquestionable reliability of the AQUASCUTUM TRENCH COAT under every condition that has secured it the reputation of being THE ONLY WATERPROOF FOR ACTIVE SERVICE.

EXTRACT FROM OFFICER'S LETTER

"B.E.F., August 29, 1916.

"I received a coat about 3½ months ago from you, and I may say I have tried it in all weathers in the Trenches, and I have never had a damp tunic since I received it. I have tried four different coats since I came out here, and yours has been the only satisfactory one in all the four."

The original may be seen by anyone interested.

There is only one AQUASCUTUM. Do not accept inferior imitations.

Height and Chest Measurement only required.

Aquascutum Ltd.

By Appointment to His Majesty the King.

Waterproof Coat Specialists for over 50 years.

100, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

'The Day goes well'

Wolsey makes *every* day go better than it would go otherwise, for it robs our British weather of its treachery.

The pure wool of Wolsey is the surest shield against those surprise attacks of heat and cold, and chill and damp, which this incorrigible old climate is for ever letting go at us.

"The day goes well for England," says that happy message of Sir Douglas Haig's..... *Wolsey's* business is with England's *Weather.*

Wolsey

BRITISH PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

Made in all garments for men, women and children, and sold throughout the Empire.

Any Wolsey garment found to shrink will be replaced free.

Wolsey Underwear Co. Leicester.

THE WOLSEY

By Special Appointment to H.M. The King

WATERPROOFS

The Civilian Nidro 55/-

Specially designed for general use in Town or Country is made of fine durable material in fawn shades with attractive linings Guaranteed Waterproof in heaviest rains Sent on Approval

Camp & Military Equipment, Hospital Goods Boot & Shoes. WATERPROOF KNEE BOOTS OILSKINS & Rubber Goods of all kinds.. Officers' Nidro for Trench, Infantry, Cavalry Sent on Approval.

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MEDALS FOR EXCELLENCE

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Naval Officers and the "A.-S." Service

Smartness of appearance is characteristic of all Naval men, and long before the War Naval Officers appreciated the advantages of having their Uniforms scientifically cleaned and pressed in the famous "Achille Serre Way." The charge for treating a civilian's suit (complete) is only **3/9** (plus less than 10 per cent. War Increase), and the charges for Naval Uniforms are in proportion.

Write for Price List and see!

R.N. Reserve (No. 4)

EXPLANATION OF RANK MARKS.

The rank marks of the Royal Naval Reserve are similar to those of the Royal Navy, except that, instead of the plain stripe of the latter, R.N.R. officers wear two thin stripes twisted together, as shown above:—"Sub-Lieut." (one stripe); "Lieut." (two stripes); "Commander" (three stripes); & "Captain" (four stripes) As in the R.N., Engineer and Accountants' Branches are distinguished by the addition, respectively, of purple and white edges to the gold stripes. There is no Medical Branch in the R.N.R.

Keep this till Series is complete.

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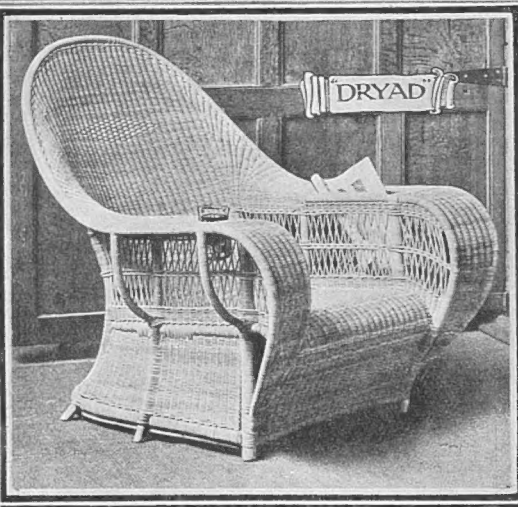


THE DRYAD CANE WORKS during the past year have been making shell baskets and other war materials, and thus were unable to deliver chairs with their usual promptness. They can now supply as usual, and are also making INVALID FURNITURE, such as carrying chairs, self-propelling chairs, bed rests, bed tables, etc., catalogue of which will be sent post free from Y dept.

Dryad Cane Works, Leicester.

MOTORING (concluded from page 102)

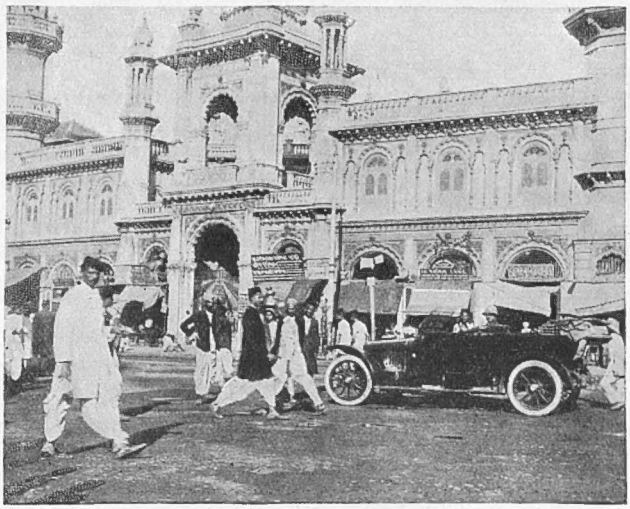
A Change at Shell

THE Shell Marketing Company has come into existence to carry on the distribution of Shell spirit directly it is dropped by the British Petroleum Company at the end of the year. The B.P. Company is a separate organisation distinct from all Shell interests, except as distributors. The new company will be a legitimate child of the parent Shell Company, directly associated and intimately controlled. Let's hope the result will prove advantageous to all users of Shell spirit.

***

A Motor Show

THE secondhand motor show just touched upon in the last issue is an idea to bring more directly into touch those who have vehicles for sale and those who desire to buy such. To couple up the carless man with the manless car is good business. This show should, therefore, justify itself. The market for secondhand vehicles has been better this year than for many years past. The difficulty has been for the owner who must sell to find the potential purchaser. Here is his chance. Messrs. Glass and Co., of 296-302, High Holborn, are responsible for the organisation of this one-week motor exchange in London, and, for the North Country, for the other similar show to be held in Manchester between December 1 and 8. Apply direct for further information.



IN THE BOMBAY BAZAAR

Held to be the heart of the Indian trade. The car in the foreground is a 16 h.p. Sunbeam, owned by Mr. J. E. Grafton, of Bombay, who has already driven over 30,000 miles of Indian roads (or what pass for such) on it

***

Experientia Docet

FOR instance, the Royal Berks Motor Company fits a Zenith carburettor to the G.W.K. engine, and immediately notices a great improvement in pulling power. Exactly. Have I not maintained that same in sundry pars and in divers connections hereinbefore?

***

Motor Cycling

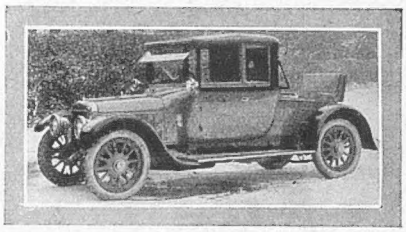
RECEIVED the "Book of the Motor-Cycle," by Iliffes, post free 1s. 10*d*.—the seventeenth edition of said book, and the most exhaustive treatise of the kind I know of. Very simply written, just exhaustively illustrated, every picture telling its story clearly. "Motor-Cycles and How to Manage Them" is *the* book to get if your interest runs that way.

ALEX. J. M. GRAY

C.A.V. ACCUMULATORS are the result of 24 years' solid experience and are guaranteed to be the soundest procurable. An accumulator for every purpose and every climate.—Particulars from C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Ltd., Acton, W.

The most severe test for a carburetter is on an aeroplane under war conditions. CLAUDEL HOBSON CARBURETTERS are undergoing this test with credit.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

WARLAND DUAL (quick-tyre-change) RIMS make the chauffeuse possible. They also make their contribution to real motoring economy.—WARLAND DUAL RIM Co., Ltd., Aston, Birmingham; 111, Great Portland Street, London.



WHEN THE TASK IS ACCOMPLISHED

When the call for munitions has ceased and business returns to the normal then will the private motorist return to the road and the Austin come into its own, and again hold its premier place in the opinion of the motoring community. Make up your mind NOW that your post-war car shall be an Austin, the car with the reputation for good service.

Austin

The Austin Motor Co. Ld.

Longbridge Works, Northfield, Birmingham. London: 479-483, Oxford Street (near Marble Arch) W. Also at Manchester, Norwich, and Paris.

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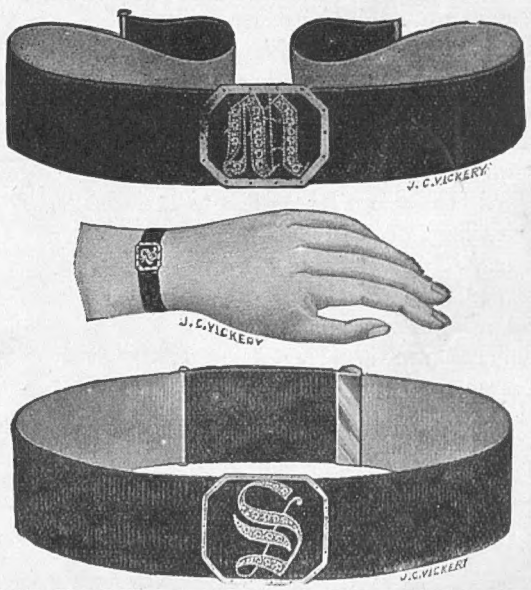
Send for Illustrated Catalogue of Useful Gifts for Friends at Home and on Active Service, Post Free



VICKERY'S DIAMOND INITIAL NECKBANDS & BRACELETS

Diamond Initial in White Enamel border - £3 15s. each.
Pearl Initial in White Enamel border - £2 5s. each.
The Neckband in Black Velvet. Bracelet in Black Moiré Silk.